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spot where nobody will ever go to verify it, is a representation of a nook in our own White Mountains, the very cascade, perhaps, by which we have all lingered, in flannel shirts and travelling dresses, sketched, presumptuously dabbled, travel-sore feet, and even profanely lunched on bread and butter and hard-boiled eggs? This picture-place should be approached only in the most ethereal of costumes, in the airiest of moods. It is a scene without the bounds of nature and within the realm of fancy.

Nor is the difference in favor of fancy but to the detriment of nature. Greatly do I prefer the repose of that real retreat, and many others like it to be found in any mountain region, where every object rests the eye instead of astonishing it,—where the effect is repose and not brilliancy. Nature pours out floods of sunlight more lavishly than Mr. Bierstadt does his whites and yellows, but the effect is tender softness, tempered by depths of shade. The green water of the real pool, is actually, perhaps, more intense than Mr. Bierstadt has depicted it, but the effect is calm depth instead of glittering surface.

It may be hypercritical to complain of such a result, when the workmanship is so faithful, and the detail so exquisite;—and unkind to compare Mr. Bierstadt's work with that of an artist so above comparison as nature herself. But whoever is at all an artist must submit to comparison with the best, and in the intention, the air of pictures, the poorest and the best may be on a level. The intention of nature always,—is it not,—is repose, harmony, fitness, truth; the intention of Mr. Bierstadt seems rather to be to dazzle, to astonish, even to the sacrifice of accuracy. His idea was not to give to the world a faithful transcript of a cool glen in the White Mountains, but to produce a marvellous composition of startling effects, contrasts of light and shadow, soft, misty distance, and sharply defined foreground. He has been successful in carrying out his idea, but it is not, although he may name it so, the true "Emerald Pool."

There is lovely execution, nevertheless, in the rendering of the foreground. Red maple leaves fall from their summer resting-places, and float in clusters upon the surface of the still pool. A fallen tree lies across the water, and from its roots fresh shoots are growing. All these details are enchanting from their faithfulness to nature, although they must be picked out and admired separately, while the whole lacks breadth and harmony.

I send you only one opinion. There are many others, more favorable, of this picture, which is already celebrated. "Crowds" go to see it daily, we are told, and this is doubtless the case, for it still continued to be on exhibition after many weeks of success. S. H.

CERTAIN persons—by what right or reason we know not,—have apparently possessed themselves of the idea that this magazine is conducted for the especial benefit of some institution, as against some other institution. To which persons we would simply say, for past, present and future, that THE ART REVIEW is not the representative, or organ, of any private or public society or association of any kind whatsoever, any further than the advocating or advancing the interests of these shall surely indicate that art is thereby strengthened and benefited. THE ART REVIEW will work for no gallery, nor academy, nor artist, except as these may seem to be honestly working for art.

## ROLLO RAMBLER'S STUDIO.

I HAVE been "assisting" at a series of musical performances in public, with a fair woman, whose rare face has beamed into mine the soul of the song she was singing; and my soul has sung back in all the fullness of its ecstasy, unwritten melodies that notes and sounds could not interpret. Her name you have seen upon the concert programmes in letters of double size—they should be in gold! Mine you have not seen there. Hers is NILSSON! Mine is unknown. And here is the exquisite charm that enhances the rare pleasure that I experienced, and in memory ever shall experience, from our duets together. She sings upon the stage. Unlike *Manrico*, in "*Trovatore*," my responses are not from behind the scenes; but in unvoiced music I reply, no less passionately than he, from a seat in the orchestra, not more than a yard or two away from the source of those sounds that fill and thrill all the listening thousands.

To how many it is the ideal voice! To me it is more, for I have allowed myself, in an unwonted delirium of fancy, to actually believe that, looking down into my eyes, she has heard my soulful responses, and has sung to me, for me; and so, whether in her grander bursts of passion, or in the softer mood of love-inspired melodies, that best befitted her, no less than all pure women, I have claimed it all,—a very miser of song, grasping jewels of sound too precious to be lost among the crowd. And so I let my fancy run its wild course, still believing that when those wonderful eyes looked fairly into mine, the Queen of Song discovered that from among the countless legions at her feet, here was the truest, most loyal, adoring subject of them all!

A MAN whose country is the world, whose kinsfolk includes all classes who need or desire betterment, or lifting up and helping on,—such a man is Edward Everett Hale, whose large heart of sympathy, rightly directed in its instincts by a brain of co-equal capacity, is doing more for his country and generation than can be measured by any method or calculation. Eminently he is a man of soul, the out-reachings of which push him into the very van of all that is truly progressive. He, too, is one of the few whose goodness and greatness is not forgotten upon a personal acquaintance, but an increased admiration and respect is supplemented by a yet nearer feeling, and a positive warmth of attachment. He is a practical man, who preaches as much for his own practice as for others. Hence his power as a teacher. And whether in his sermons, or books, or his own magazine, the same humanity, the same earnestness, the same pressing on toward the best that is possible, is alike apparent.

By our Philadelphia correspondence we learn that that city is proposing to have its mayors painted for preservation in Independence Hall. The idea is a good one, for several reasons. The yet-to-be-born generations will like to see how preceding public functionaries looked; the P. F.'s. will like to see themselves on canvas—those who are living; and, lastly, art will be encouraged in a legitimate way, provided the thing is not made a "job" to enrich some single artist, who happens to have friends and political influence enough to secure the "contract," at so much per head, or square yard, as the case may be, without regard to his ability to produce portraits that will not forever disgrace the subjects and the city. The true way would be to have all the really good portrait painters of Philadelphia,—and she has several creditable ones,—represented in this work. The city has money enough to pay the best artists for their best efforts. We hope that their proverbially good taste will indicate, and their good sense direct, the proper course to be pursued in this matter.

MUCH has been said of late concerning the glaring inappropriateness of fashionable gatherings at places devoted to art. And, we must admit, there is something jarringly incongruous and unpleasant in the actual contact of *panniered*-pride and over-dressed ignorance, with what should be sacred from all profanation. But, after all, is there not a sense of satisfaction at seeing this goddess trail her peacock gaities under the domes of buildings, the uses of which are so entirely beyond her simple, silly comprehension? Is there not, indeed, a restricted pleasure in seeing Fashion, per force, pay court to Art? And does it not surely point to a time, not far distant, when one must know as well as *seem* to know; must not only patronize, but must possess discriminating appreciation for the true as against the ephemeral and false, in the vast realm of art?

## OUR SKETCH CLUB.

HENRY W. ROGERS, Esq., the genial president of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, tells many a good story of the artists who have from time to time made that city their basis of operations. Among this number was one who shall be nameless here, albeit the individual in question inclined modestly to the opinion that his name should be, and would be, handed down along with the names of the old masters.

One happy day witnessed the completion of his masterpiece, the *chef d'œuvre* that was to command world-wide acknowledgment and recognition. "Job" was the subject honored by his efforts, and that famous personage was represented in a size slightly larger than life, and "twice as natural," in all the sickening glory of his physical martyrdom, while each individual "comforter" was at its fullest development. And now the artist insisted that a certain trio of gentlemen, *connoisseurs* of art, should enjoy the first private view, and, per force, they were hurried to the studio that enshrined the treasure; where a distant view, then views from either side, and, lastly, a close examination was given, and then the several opinions were called for. Mr. Rogers, with a critical air, replied that he was considering; the second gentleman was not so soon ready to pronounce—it was "growing upon him" so rapidly; but these generalities were not satisfactory to the creative genius, and the third party was appealed to for a direct criticism, were there any such to be made. With an imperturbable countenance the last of the trio replied that he had but a single fault to find. "And would he name it?" "That the boils would look so much more comfortable if a bread poultice were applied to each!"

It was a hobby of Crawford, the sculptor, that the day was sure to dawn upon the world when all men should be able to judge correctly and to love all true works of art. He believed that there was to come to mankind a bright future, in which painting and sculpture would be so common as to do away with art labor as a common trade; that, in fact, in this millenium of his, everybody would be able to wield chisel and brush with more or less effect. Ridicule—and he received plenty of it, even from his nearest and dearest friends—could not shake his faith in this respect. "It is a portion of my creed, and I propose to adhere to it," said he. The elder Rogers, in quizzing Crawford upon his pet idea, said to him one day: "In this future of yours, when the dullest of people are chipping marble and bedaubing canvas, who is going to be low enough to sweep streets, make breeches, and bake bread?"

"Descendants of the Rogers family," was the quaint answer.

THAT it is far better to possess a fine engraving or a good chromo, than a poor oil-painting, would seem to be an undeniable fact. And yet the picture auction business lives and thrives, and those engaged in the traffic of pigment-daubed canvas at so much the square yard, become wealthy and retire. The advice given by a friend to one of this class, not long since, is more truthful than complimentary to the works which are palmed off upon unsuspecting and unknowing individuals as "originals by the leading American and European artists." Said he: "When you open a sale say, 'Gentlemen, behold this magnificent frame; it cost twenty-five dollars. How much am I offered for the 'work of art' which it surrounds? And all you get above the value of the frame is clear profit!'"

STUART, the famous portrait painter, understood the knack of saying neat things to perfection. The writer knows of a celebrated Boston beauty, who, visiting the studio of the artist in question one day with her husband, was charmed with an ideal head just completed by Mr. Stuart, and besought her lord to purchase it. Inquiring its price she was told that it was much esteemed by the painter, but that he would part with it for \$1,000.

"So much as that," was her disappointed reply. "I should require precisely double that sum if it was a portrait of yourself, madam," was the gallant rejoinder.

WHERE is the Chicago Etching Club that made such a brave beginning last season? To be sure, Gookins and Shirlaw are away; but when we have such men with us as True Williams, Brightly, Earle, Church, Earle, Verbeck, and a few others, perhaps, it is certainly evident that such an organization might live and thrive, productive of good to its members and promotive of general progress in designing and engraving—a department of art sadly neglected in this city.